

Kaiserin and Defeated William Spent Gloomy Christmas, 1918, As They Learned of Berlin Street Battles and Faced Eviction From Amerongen

Looting of Royal Palace "Shameful; What a Disgrace," Wrote Wife of Emperor, As News Trickled in of Socialists' Activities in German Capital, Following Armistice—Kaiser Laughed Upon Hearing Son Was Salesman.

INSTALLMENT II.

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Amerongen, Holland, December 18, 1918.

WILLIAM must be kept quiet. These are strict orders and must be obeyed. Even my husband must obey for they are for his own good. Archduke Maximilian is proclaimed Emperor of Austria. I wonder how Charles feels. Still more news. Poor Count Kessler, the rebel ambassador at Poland, expelled. It serves Kessler well. What humiliation for a count to be accused of being a red propagandist. Specialists from Berlin in full charge here.

Friday, December 20.

MY husband's health is not improving. I feel the specialists are hiding something from me. He has received no news these few days. They are even keeping news from me. But I learned that the Berlin government is planning to confiscate our private property. What other outrages can they commit?

Saturday, December 21.

HIS health is still failing. However, the specialists are hopeful. It is so cold here. It seems impossible to heat these rooms. I never saw such cold weather. Snow is still falling, it began yesterday morning.

December 22, Sunday.

WILLIAM is feeling better today, but is very nervous. He read the newspapers from Berlin last night and retired later than usual. He fears a Russian attack upon the Fatherland in alliance with our Bolsheviks. Where do these Russians receive the funds that they spend in Berlin among our Socialists? Yet we should not send our troops against the Russians. Why should we fight for the allies? William has completely recovered from his chill and has taken his daily exercise indoors. His ear affliction is still bothering him. William is preparing his Christmas sermon. I wish I could persuade him not to preach on Christmas Day as it takes too much of his energy.

Monday, December 23.

FAULHABER (Archbishop Faulhaber, of the diocese of Würzburg—Ed.) has made a heroic protest against the Socialists' assaults upon the church. I wish there were more like him. Paris has become insane over Wilson. Our enemies, and even some of our allies, seem to regard him as a symbol of lasting peace—the man who caused the Fatherland's downfall! More humiliation! Austrian ships, one million tons of them, must carry food to our enemies first, and they must be manned by Italians. What horrible outrage, and we Germans, and German Austrians, starving. Today I am in good health and William is feeling much better. I prevailed upon

BERLIN NEWSPAPERS WITHHELD

Tuesday, December 24.

WILLIAM is jubilant today on hearing that the German people disapproved Spartacists. Soon they will realize that the Social Democrats must go, too. News from the Rhineland is discouraging—the French are influencing the inhabitants to declare against Prussia. (This entry is perhaps inspired by the news from the Rhineland that this German region has declared at the time that they would like to curb Prussia's power.—Ed.) I instructed the Emperor's attendants to destroy the newspapers that give prominence to battles in Berlin. One Berlin newspaper says that eight hundred were killed in a battle on Unter den Linden. May God have mercy on the Fatherland! Another traitor (Dr. Weitz, Bishop Waitz of Innsbruck and Arlberg, Tyrol.—Ed.) petitions America and England to occupy Vienna. These Austrians have lost all pride. William has promised me not to celebrate Christmas so as to affect his health, but he is still getting ready for the celebration. He would have lost all ambition to live had it not been for loyal friends who followed us to our exile with their cheer and sympathy. They have just brought a Christmas tree and William feels as happy as a big boy.

Wednesday, December 25.

NOTWITHSTANDING every effort I made to keep away from William Parfain Dominin's (the late Tzar's valet for many years, who accompanied him to his exile in Siberia and was with him in his last moments.—Ed.) statement that his master had conspired with General Dogart to escape from his Siberian confinement, he read the account in a Dutch paper, which made his Christmas gloomy. With this exception William enjoyed the day and his health is still better. Yet I fear

that this chilly, cold and damp climate is undermining his health. I feel that it is eating up my energy little by little. I received news, through my personal attendants, that the commission that the Dutch government appointed to decide our legal status in Holland is still sitting, and I hear rumors that we will be asked to leave this place. God forbid! It would kill both of us. Where can we go? We attended morning services, accompanied by our attendants. Our host went to the village, I learned, to attend the Christmas services. Christmas was spent pleasantly, without affecting William's health. I had feared so much that it would.

Thursday, December 26.

MORE French outrages. What a tragedy is life for Germans in Alsace. These poor people are enduring terrible humiliations. Why does William not stop these shameful acts of France? (This entry was perhaps inspired by the French order to Germans to leave Mulhouse at once, each person carrying not more than eight pounds of baggage.—Ed.) These reports of battles on the streets of Berlin, Germans killing Germans, are killing me. I know they will kill my husband. (Here there is a lapse until):

A PALACE STRIPPED OF FURNITURE

Wednesday, January 1, 1919.

STILL more shameful occurrences in Berlin. How Socialists newspapers gloat over the looting of the Royal Castle. I learned the Palace was stripped of all furniture. What disgrace! The linen and the bed clothes with the imperial insignia will perhaps be used by a Socialist. Captain Jungerson reports that the thieves didn't even have respect for the Emperor's various uniforms. He says he caught one of the looters wearing the Emperor's dress suit trousers. I instructed attendants to keep these accounts away from the Emperor. I am feeling exceedingly well these last few days.

Thursday, January 2.

ANOTHER ingrate and traitor! Muhsam now writes a revelation—"All blame must be laid to the Emperor." (Perhaps this entry was inspired on the occasion of Dr. Kurt Muhsam's book entitled, "How We Were Deceived," in which he blames the Kaiser and the Prussians in general for having deceived the German people during the period of the war as well as the circumstances that caused the war.—Ed.) William's health is improving every day.

Health of Kaiser Constantly Worried Former First Lady of Empire—Cold, Damp Climate of Land of Refuge Gradually Undermines Her Own Health—Feared News of Uprising in Unter den Linden Would Kill Husband.

Friday, January 3.

NECESSANT rains have caused the rising of waters of the Rhine. I learn the moats are flooded.

Saturday, January 4.

DR. LANG'S operation on William's ear has proved successful. He is feeling much better.

Sunday, January 5.

RUMOR, brought to the Castle, that the Dutch government has decided to surrender the Emperor into the hands of his enemies, has upset William. I talked to him for nearly an hour, ridiculing such news, but I fear I made very little impression upon his worries.

Monday, January 6.

WILLIAM was terribly agitated all day over the news that a group of American officers have been making visits to the Castle grounds and surveying the locality. What do these wild Americans want with us? I share William's fear that they are not in these regions for any good purpose. Our enemies seem to enjoy the torture they inflict upon us.

Wednesday, January 8.

"AUGUST" an automobile salesman! To my surprise the news amused William. He laughed for hours. He imitated the way our son would approach a war-profiteering Jew to sell him an automobile. At first I did not see any humor in the news, but after William repeated the imaginary sales of automobiles by our son to various people, I began to see the fun in it. William tells me that we must expect our son any day on the grounds trying to sell us one of his automobiles. (August, mentioned in the entry, is Prince August William, the fourth son of the Kaiser, who had secured a position with a well-known automobile concern in Germany as a salesman, and who now holds an executive position with the firm.—Ed.)

The revelations of the former Kaiserin's Diary will be continued in The Washington Times next Sunday.

By LADY VINCENT---

(Widely Known English Society Woman)

Condemns Openness With Which Purveyors Offer Drugs in London Hotels and Asserts the Dope Traffic in England Is on the Increase. "Importers Are Not Chinese and Indians But People We Never Suspect," She Claims—Declares Women's Morals Perished With War.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

THE question of the enormous number of cocaine takers and of dope purveyors is occupying the mind of the public to a very great extent at the present time.

There is much talk about the manner in which it is offered for sale in various West End hotel lodges and of the orgies which take place in flats and private houses. But the important point is this—how is it smuggled into England?

If the illegitimate import were stopped, much, if not all, of the illicit traffic now taking place would cease.

I have two acquaintances who crossed to England from the Continent about two months ago. They both showed me six or seven bottles of cocaine in their dressing-cases, while we were held up in Ostend waiting for the boat.

They had not even troubled to take the labels off the bottles, which bore the number of grams and the name of the town where it was purchased.

LAUGH AT BEING CAUGHT.

"Aren't you afraid of being caught?" I asked. They laughed and put the bottles back into their dressing cases.

I watched them at the Customs. They put their hat boxes, rugs and those same dressing-cases on the counter with the greatest sangfroid. The usual questions were asked: "Have you any scent, tobacco?" and so on, but no mention was made of drugs. Neither of the dressing-cases was opened, and they went their way looking perfectly unconcerned.

One of the many ruses for circumventing the police is but little known. A lady will bring one of the big Alsatian wolf-dogs, which are so fashionable, into England. Inside the collar, between the lining and the leather, are numerous packets of "snow," which she carries away in triumph. I know of two cases when this device has been practiced with great success.

OFFERS "DOPE" IN TRAIN.

In one night express in which I was traveling my stateroom companion sniffed cocaine quite openly and finally presented me with a packet.

She assured me that I should learn to like it, and suggested that at any rate some of my friends at home would be grateful for the present. She gave me her address, and told me that she could always supply me with any amount that

I wanted at a very moderate price.

Three times in different hotels I was invited to have a "sniff," and promised any amount that I wanted. And I should be very much surprised if I had any difficulty in bringing it over here. If I, who had no desire to acquire any cocaine, and who was merely a

stranger traveling in paths slightly off the beaten track, had it thrust upon me, how easy it must be for regular dope purveyors to procure it.

And the chief importers are not so much Chinese coolies and Indians as people we all know and never suspect.

Has London Changed?

LONDON, Sept. 30.

A BENGAL colonel, just returned to England after twenty-seven years in India, wails at the changes he finds in London.

Lamenting on changed conditions the famous old warrior declares:

"I returned home a week or two ago after being 'out East' for twenty-seven years, and I sighed for my old home and for London.

"Everything has changed. The women, the girls, the men, the rules of the city, the social code—they are all totally different. And they've not changed for the better. No, by Gandhi, they've not. They've all gone rotten, downright rotten.

"In 1895 it was only by an act of courtesy that we were permitted to smoke in a woman's presence. Today every woman you meet in a public restaurant blows cigarette smoke in your face. Brazen hussies!

"Language! I'm not a prude, but I blush to hear some of the swear words which women hurl at each other.

"Only the other day I was astounded to hear the daughters of a very respected friend of mine, a London vicar, using a sanguinary adjective which, when I left England, was only associated with cabmen; I knew that this silly inoffensive word had been used on the stage by Mr. George Bernard Shaw to advertise a play of his. I had no knowledge that it had become part of the vocabulary of decent social circles.

PEOPLE SLOVENLY.

"So far as British womanhood is concerned it is quite apparent to me that morals perished with the war.

"How the young men have deteriorated! None of them appear to make any effort to dress decently. I walked through Pall Mall, Bond street and Piccadilly yesterday morning, and en-

countered one silk hat. Lounge suits and slouch hats were the rule. The youngster who looked the most slovenly seemed the most fashionable. Bah!

"It is no good calling at people's homes. There is never anybody at home today. The clubs—when I was last in England I was a well-known clubman—have, so far as I am concerned, ceased to exist. The few members who still resort to Pall Mall are old and disappointed men. Their society is appalling. There is nothing of the comradeship of good humor which so distinguished London club life in 1895. The manners prevalent in the Pall Mall of today are execrable! I went into my club last week and was astounded when an old friend of mine offered me a drink! In 1885 a decent man's club was regarded as his home. If you wanted a drink you ordered it as you would do in your own smoking room. No one thought of saying: 'What are you going to have?' as if you were in a public house with a crowd of bar loafers.

A SHOCK.

"All this may seem very strange to you, you people who have been growing up in England for the past twenty-seven years. You have hardly noticed the changes which have taken place in the national life. But to one who has spent twenty-seven years in India this new London of yours comes as a surprise and a shock. You have read about the 'unchanging East,' and you may take it from me that the code of conduct in Anglo-Indian life has changed very little since I first went to that country. We have been introduced to the fox trot and the jazz band, but we have not been treated to the spectacle of innocent girls—some of them the debutantes of the season—rubbing shoulders with unpleasant characters at night club dances.

"I am going back to India. I am sad and sorry, for I loved London. Yes, loved it—once upon a time."

THE SPECTATOR

Army of Wronged Children

THE army of unemployed men is dangerous and threatening.

Vastly more dangerous and threatening is the army of employed children.

The Census Bureau reported the other day that 1,060,858 children between the ages of ten and sixteen are engaged in gainful operations.

There are enough husky men and women in this country to do all the work that needs doing.

Besides that, all the work that needs doing should be paid well enough to induce grown men and women to engage in it. Something is wrong when any kind of labor does not receive enough wage to enable the worker to support not only himself but his dependent children. Work that pays so little that children have to do it should be prohibited.

Wiley H. Swift, of the National Child Bureau, and Heber Blankenhorn, of the Bureau of Industrial Research, bring forward some startling facts.

Boys and girls, they say, between the ages of ten and fifteen to the number of 658,988 follow the beet crops in Michigan and Colorado and the onion crops in Ohio. They pick cotton in the South and West and work as hired help on the truck farms around large cities.

In the beet fields families are taken by contractors from field to field. The children pull the beets as long as daylight lasts, sleep in temporary shacks, and their wages are received by their parents. Because they are constantly moving no provision can be made for their education and no supervision exercised over their working hours and living conditions.

Squads of children work from dawn to dark harvesting the onion crop in Kentucky and Ohio. These little slaves are moved from place to place and their wages are taken by their parents.

Children drag heavy bags through the cotton fields, walking up and down between the rows as long as it is light. They get from \$3 to \$5 a week.

Seven thousand three hundred and eighty-four children between the ages of ten and fifteen work in the mines of the country. All work under the same conditions as adult miners. In union anthracite mines they receive from \$10 to \$12 a week. In nonunion mines they receive what they can get.

In these coal mines they are usually employed as breaker boys, trappers and spraggers.

Breaker boys pick out the pieces of slate from the coal. Trappers close and open the mine ventilators. Eight hours every day they sit alone in complete darkness in a constant draft, breathing the powder fumes. They get the same pay as the breaker boys, for although the latter must work

harder, few children like the job of trapper because of the silence and loneliness.

Spraggers are boys who run beside the mine trains and thrust sprags, or sticks, into the wheels to act as brakes. As this is a dangerous occupation, the boys get sometimes as much as \$15 a week.

More than 50,000 children work in textile factories. In Georgia the children in the cotton mills work sixty hours a week. The girls tend the spools, twisting together the broken threads, while the doffer boys collect the empty spools.

Factory owners argue that girls cannot be made good spinners unless they begin when they are ten or twelve years old. They receive \$4.30 a week.

Besides this there are thousands of girls in domestic service and there are cash boys and cash girls, messenger boys, newsboys and bootblacks.

The soul of every one of these children cries out against a civilization that permits this sort of thing.

This whole business is worse than wrong. It is rotten.

Every child in the United States should be given protection, support and an adequate training.

And while a great, big, vital life-and-death matter like this cries out for adjustment the lawmakers of the United States are spending months in jabbering about the tariff.

Tomb of Abraham Is Visited By Christians

By Universal Service.

CHICAGO, Sept. 30.—The tomb of Abraham, closed for fourteen centuries to Christians, is in excellent condition, said Dr. S. P. Long, Evangelical Lutheran pastor, on his return from Palestine.

Dr. Long was one of the party of thirty-five Christians, the first to be admitted by the Mohammedans to the sacred shrine.

"The Mohammedans," he said, "have a great reverence for Abraham and Sarah, and they have regarded the care of their tomb as a sacred duty.

"Guards have been kept constantly for fourteen centuries at the entrance to the mosque built over the tomb proper. No Christians ever were permitted to enter it."

The tomb, which is located at Hebron, seventeen miles south of Jerusalem, is authentic, said Dr. Long.

"In fact," he said, "it is one of the few authentic shrines of Christendom and Judaism—another is Jacob's well—which is authentic. Many others are traditionally accepted, but their history is obscure. Such, for instance, is the location of the 'Upper Room' where the Last Supper was instituted."

By LORD LEVERHULME---

(One of the Most Successful Business Men in the World.)

"I Feel That Most of the Irksomeness of What Is Called Work Arises from the Fact That We Do Not View Work From the Right Angle," Says London Merchant, in Giving Some Lessons of His Business Life.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

THE great end and aim in life is service to our fellow man, and this brings happiness. The happy man or woman is the highest product the world can produce, whatever their state of health or wealth, but health and wealth are both great removers of limitations.

And that is all either health or wealth can do for us—just remove our limitations, and give us a wider scope for usefulness to our fellow-men.

A strong, healthy man can use his health and strength not only for his own benefit and happiness, but also for the good and happiness of others, and so become a gain to the whole human race. Equally, a wealthy man can use his wealth and riches not only for his own benefit and happiness, but also for the good and happiness of others, and so become a gain to the whole human race.

The well-being and happiness of the race depend not on an equality of health or wealth, but on each man and woman making the best use of their health so that the race may benefit.

THRILLS OF WORK.

I feel that most of the irksomeness of what is called work arises from the fact that we do not view work from the right angle. I have known men struggle and work hard all day in the driving rain on the banks of a salmon river. They have been soaked to the skin, and have not caught a single fish, yet they have charmed away all their discomforts and disappointments by calling their struggles "play." I am sure that nothing could have been more truthful if they had called their strivings "work."

As soon as we learn to view work and business as the most inspiring game that any of us can engage in, with thrills far surpassing those to be obtained from any other game, that moment the whole of our life is changed.

Perhaps the prevalent idea against work is because it is usually associated with something sordid—a wrong outlook in life—while having to bear the additional burden of being called duty. Games, on the other hand, are associated with happiness and called pleasure.

So many people nowadays work at play and play at work. They expend more energy over an afternoon's sport than they do in a week at business or in the workshop. Those ambitious young people who reverse this order of things will eventually find success rewarding their efforts.

I have been a commercial travel-

er, and I know of no greater pleasure than that which comes to traveler and customer when the traveler is thoughtful and mindful of what will be to their mutual advantage. The world of work then becomes as full of pleasure as the life of a butterfly fluttering from flower to flower and sipping nectar from the dainty blossoms.

I have always held the opinion that anything worth having is worth working for, and when I look back over my career I recognize that any success I have achieved has been due to my having made a pleasure of my business.

Believe me, the man who stands around waiting for something to turn up generally finds that the only thing to turn up is trouble.

FOUNDATION OF FORTUNE.

The little things sometimes count in the end much more than we can foresee in the beginning. Small opportunities often lead to big results, and I would urge all who are launching into the world of business never to despise the smallest opportunity that presents itself.

It is over fifty years since I first induced my father to allow me to travel for him, and I well remember the day when I finished a journey a little earlier than usual.

I mounted my trap and decided that, rather than fritter away the spare time, I would drive on to the next village, called Ince, and see if any business was to be done there. I was lucky enough to book several orders and thenceforward Ince became a regular place of call for me.

Then a day came when I finished up in Ince earlier than I expected, and I decided to drive on to Wigan to have a look round with a view to opening accounts there. That journey to fill in the time opened my eyes wide.

I realized that it was bad business to carry goods from Liverpool through Wigan to Bolton, and then in a week or so cart them back to Wigan again. So I started a branch business at Wigan, and that was the foundation of my fortune.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if I had wasted that spare time instead of driving on to Ince. In looking backward I see those few spare hours turned to good account actually started me on the road to success.

THE NEW AGE.

Business today is full of difficulties, but with good will these will be surmounted. The war has turned the world topsy-turvy, and it will take time and patience

and a deal of work before things are righted again.

We are all interdependent in business, and the old idea of "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost" has long been recognized as wrong by all sensible people.

Today it is not a question of helping ourselves, but of helping each other. This is the spirit of the new age, and it is the spirit which will lead us once more to the pinnacle of prosperity and happiness.

As we work our way through life we meet with many adversities and much resistance. However much we may deplore them, they play their part in molding our character and helping us on.

INSPIRATION FOR WORKERS.

I always admire the verses on work by Angela Morgan which appeared a few months ago. They seem to be imbued with the right spirit, and they have a ring about them which should inspire the workers of the world:

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight
of it—
Work that springs from the
heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul
on fire.

Oh, what is so good as the heat
of it,
And what is so glad as the beat
of it,

And what is so kind as the stern
command,
Challenging brain and heart and
hand?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering
ring of it.

Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the
world.

Oh, what is so fierce as the
flame of it?
And what is so huge as the
aim of it?

Thundering on through dearth
and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker
out.

Work, the Titan; Work, the
friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious
end;

Draining the swamps and blasting
the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart.

To answer the dream of the
Master heart,
Thank God for a world where
none may shrink—
Thank God for the splendor of
work!